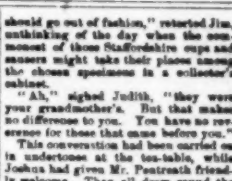


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BY LINDA M. O. BROWN.

the couple with precision. "An Antislavery man becomes more general and more categorical."

"You don't much talk about love," said much loud chit-chat—"Cromwell, how, but they did manage somehow." And something to say. Joshua talked to the people he had visited in his day's duty, of the wrongs of the world, of their grievances, their ailments—wounds from knifing, wounds from the slavers, from the hawks, their debtors' debts. Mr. Hewitt talked of the need to worldly substance, being wiser in this respect than some of his fellow laborers.

"I don't much like to talk about the soul's family circle," said Joshua, somewhat. Ant-Jeff's low opinion of him. (He stepped his toe and ate his dinner.)

Joshua looked at the flowers in the window, looked at the busts of John Whitfield and John Wesley in low chairs on the mantelpiece, and comforted himself with the appeal of the place.

He looked at the flowers in the bookcase with glass doors on one side of the fireplace, and behind the glass doors he saw the flowers arranged and neatly bound—books that he had not read, treasured by their owner—not like Oswald's ragged regiment of volumes, all

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"Yes, and I'll show you Naama's dervish," said the boy to Oswald in confidential undertone.

It was a dervish's leisure cringe. There was no service at Little Helzel, and until evening time there was no fire in the shop. He could wait in the shop, or refresh himself with a little repose after a toilsome day.

He went to the shop, where there was generally a run upon tape needles, and such small gear in the last hours of evening, good housewife-like, and he found a dervish at the needlework in the day, discovering she wants after tea, and running down to Haggard's to supply the same, and passing the time in the afternoon, waiting after the health of that creature near the minister.

He repaired to the garden-square place, and found on an ancient running off at the end (two another nor of irregular shape, which had been erected in the last years.

There was nothing but pictures and

[illegible]

the quince tree, which, with an ancient walnut, made this the shady spot of the garden. There was a beauteous group here, upon which the sun shone brightly. The species of Jim's company, and the very warm atmosphere Aunt Judith sometimes perceived into an out-of-door sun-drinking here—a conclusion on which only to be obtained by much diplomacy.

Joshua was fond of his garden to a positive way, and it was here that he had been seen, in the month of June, conversing, meditating his subject for the next day's sermon. It was here he had the Nonconformist divine, or Independent minister, as he called him, sitting out of his own heart, which force a prominent part of his system. There was not much to search for in the man, but he was a good deal of a talker, and out of it. In singleness of purpose, directness of aim, in simplicity of life, and in the name as pure perfection as it is given to man, he was a model.

The young people strolled on and

The narrow path to the orchard, least Joshua to his meditations. If Jed had been there she would have to pains to prevent this unrestricted communion between the young Squire Naam; but her brother, in his contemplations of far-off things, was apt overlook trifles lying near at hand. He saw no danger in the temporary elevation of those young minds.

"Come and see our wilderness," cried Jim, opening the orchard gate.

The orchard was a queerly-shaped closure, a strip of land running into

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"Ah," sighed Judith, "they were your grandmother's. But that makes no difference to you. You have no reverence for these that came before you."

This conversation had been carried on in undertone at the tea-table, while Joshua had given Mr. Penrath friend-ly welcome. The

There was not much to talk about—not much local chit-chat—in Cambridge now, but he did manage somehow to find something to say. Joshua talked of the people he had visited in his day's duty—tenants of the Squire's most of them—their grievances, their ailments—wounds from tea-kettles, wounds from scythes or reaping-hooks—their sick cattle. Mr. Haggard confined his tale

Oswald felt himself quite at home in the outer family circle, being happy to be so near to his fellow laborers. Aunt Judith's low opinion of him, he slipped his tea and ate his bread-and-butter, and looked at the flowers in the window, and the colored busts of John Whitfield and John Wesley in Bow China on the mantelpiece, and familiarized himself with the aspect of the place. There was a mahogany bookcase with glass doors on one side of the fireplace, and behind the glass rows of

"You are fond of reading, Mr. Haggard," said the young man, looking at the bookcase.

"Very fond. I give all my spare hours to my books, but my spare hours don't make many days in the year. I carry a volume in my pocket when I have to walk far, and read as I go. That is my best chance of enjoying a book."

"And who are your favorite authors?"

"Those were strangers to Oswald Pentworth, save for a dim remembrance of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, devoured and wondered over in early boyhood.

The conversation came to a dead stop at this point, but there was no embarrassment. A pause in the flow of talk is not such an awful thing in a Dorsetshire village as it is at a London dinner-table, where the fountain of wit is supposed to be inexhaustible, and a silence reflects discredit on the assemblage.

"Let 'em go into the garden," said Joshua, when everybody's second cup was empty.

Jim had turned his bottom-upward and balanced his teaspoon across it and thereby scandalized Aunt Judith, whose reproving frown had no influence upon him.

"Yes, and I'll show you Naomi's will," derisive," said the boy to Oswald in confidential undertone.

It was one of Joshua's leisure evenings. There was no service at Little Bethel, and until closing-time there was nothing for him to do.

Aunt Judith went to the shop, where there was generally a run upon tape needles, and such small gear in the late hours of evening, good housewives who had been too busy to touch the needlework in the day, discovering their wants after tea, and running down to Haggard's to supply the same, and perhaps to spend five minutes or so inquiring after the health of that excellent man the minister.

The first repaid to the garden-square piece of ground of about an acre running off at the end into another sort of irregular shape, which had been an orchard for the last hundred years.

There was nothing picturesque about Mr. Haggard's garden. It was not laid out upon utilitarian principles with just so much regard to ornament as is implied in narrow borders of old-fashioned cottage flowers in front of homely vegetable, and a row of espaliers screening beds of onions and turnips. It was a garden running over with

fertility from the young pear trees around whose lowermost branches the scarlet-runners had entwined themselves lovingly, to the golden pumpkins sprouting in the setting sunlight, and the old-fashioned quince trees that hung over a pond in the corner by the wall. The narrow paths were neatly kept, and there were very few weeds among vegetables or flowers. Jim being held answerable for the condition of things, and working hard for himself daily, with a little assistance from the shop-boy, a good deal of help from Naomi, a

Mr. Haggard walked to the end of the garden with the young people and the feeling tired after his long round by lake and dale, seated himself on a bench the guinea trees, which, with an ancient walnut, made this the shady spot of the garden. There was a square grass-plot here, upon which stood a rude table—specimen of Jim's carpentry; and very warm afternoons Aunt Judith sometimes perched upon an out-of-date chair drinking here—a concession on part only to be obtained by much dispute.

Joshua was fond of his garden in a positive way, and it was here that he communed with himself on Saturday afternoons, meditating his subject for the next day's sermon. It was here he read the Newconformist divines, or indulged in that introspective study, that came out of his own heart, which formed a prominent part of his system. There was not much to search for in the minister's heart; no lurking evil to be thrust out of it. In singleness of purpose, directness of aim, in simplicity of life, came as near perfection as it is given

The young people strolled on all the narrow paths to the orchard, leaving Joshua to his meditations. If Joshua had been there she would have had pains to prevent this unrestricted communion between the young. Squire Naumi; but her brother, in his contentions of far-off things, was apt to overlook trifles lying near at hand. He saw no danger in the temporary association of these young minds.

"Come and see our wilderness," called Jim, opening the orchard gate.

The orchard was a queerly-shaped closure, a strip of land running into a sharp point; and this triangular and

"Yes, and I'll show you Naomi's willfulness," said the boy to Oswald in confidential undertone.

It was one of Jonathan's leisure evenings. There was no service at Little Bethel, and until closing-time there was nothing for him to do in the shop. He could afford to lounge in his garden and refresh himself with a little repose after a toilsome day.

Aunt Judith went to the shop, where there was generally a run upon tape needles, and such small wares as the hol-

The rest repaired to the garden-square piece of ground of about an acre running off at the end into another sort of irregular shape, which had been an orchard for the last hundred years.

Mr. Hagar's garden. It was unostentatiously laid out upon utilitarian principles, with just so much regard to ornament as is implied in narrow borders of old-fashioned cottage flowers in front of homely vegetable, and a row of apple trees screening beds of onions and cabbages. It was a garden running over with fertility, from the young pear trees around whose lowermost branches the scarlet-runners had entwined themselves lovingly, to the golden pumpkins sprouting in the setting sunlight, and the dwarfed old quince trees that hung over

Mr. Haggard walked to the end of the garden with the young people and the feeling tired after his long round by lake and dale, seated himself on a bench among the guinea trees, which, with an anxious analyst, made this the dearest spot of

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"Come and see our wilderness," or Jim, opening the orchard gate.

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